

The second part of

Bar. You must away to court sir presently,
A dozen captaines stay at doore for you.

Fal. Pay the musitians sirra, farewell hostesse, farewell Dol,
you see (my good wenches) how men of merit are sought af-
ter, the vnderferuer may sleepe, when the man of action is calld
on, farewell good wenches, if I bee not sent away poste, I will
see you againe ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart be not ready to burst: wel
sweete Iacke haue a care of thy selfe.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

exit.

Host. Well, fare thee well, I haue knowne thee these twenty
nine yeares, come pease-cod time, but an honeste, and truer
hearted man: wel fare thee wel.

Bard. Mistris Tere-sheete.

Host. Whats the matter?

Bard. Bid mistris Tere-sheete come to my master.

Host. O runne Doll, runne, runne good Doll, come, she
comes blubberd, yeat will you come Doll?

exunt.

*Enter the King in his night-gowne
alone.*

King. Go call the Earles of Surrey and of War.
But ere they come, bid them o're-reade these letters,
And well consider of them, make good speed.
How many thousand of my poorest subiects,
Are at this howre asleepe? ô sleepe! ô gentle sleep!
Natures soft nurse, how haue I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-liddes downe,
And steep my sences in forgetfulnesse,
Why rather sleepe liest thou in smoaky cribbes,
Vpon vnease pallets stretching thee,
And hush't with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Then in the perfumde chambers of the great,

Vnder

Henry the fourth.

Vnder the canopies of costly state,
And lulld with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why li'st thou with the vile
In lothsome beds, and leauest the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common larum bell?
Wilt thou vpon the high and giddy masse,
Seale vp the ship-boies eies, and rocke his braines,
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billowes by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
VVith deaffing clamour in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurly death it selfe awakes?
Canst thou, ô partiall sleepe, giue them repose,
To the wet season in an howre so rude,
And in the calmest, and most stillest night,
VVith al appliances and meanes to boote,
Deny it to a King? then (happy) low lie downe,
Vnease lies the head that weares a crowne.

*Enter Warwike, Surry, and sir Iohn
Blunt.*

War. Many good morrowes to your maiestie.

King. Is it good morrow lords?

War. Tis one a clocke, and past.

King. VVhy then good morrow to you all my lords.
Haue you read ore the letter that I sent you?

War. VVe haue my liege.

King. Then you perceine the body of our kingdome,
How foule it is, what rancke diseases grow,
And with what danger neare the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body yet distempered,
VVhich to his former strength may be restored,
VVith good aduise and little medicine,

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